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The Mirrored Light.

THOMAS A. LAHEY, '11.

I STOOD beneath the open sky,
And swept the heavens with my eye,
If I perchance might not espy,
God's lamps afar.
I sought nor ceased my eyes to rest,
Alas, how very vain my quest.
From north to south, from east to west
I saw no star.

I gazed below into the stream,
And lo! behold the twinkling gleam
Of one whose light I had not seen,
Now mirrored there:
So too in life, full oft we gaze
And only see the distant haze,
While lowly ones reflect His rays
In beams most fair.

The Martyr Chancellor of England.

PETER E. HEBERT, '10.


N the last half of the fifteenth century, England, the birthplace of statesmen, the mother of scholars, and once called the island of saints, gave birth to a son,—Thomas More,—a man to whom the whole world owes a debt of the deepest gratitude—one that it can never repay.

The study of history fills us with admiration at the fascinating characters the world has seen; but if the deeds of man are to be admired in proportion to the sacrifice they cost, then, indeed, are these illustrious

characters overshadowed by one who did not hesitate to shed his blood and sacrifice his life for the preservation of the home, the sanctity of the marriage tie, and the principles of the Catholic Church. There are men whose names are immortalized as father of a country or as champion of a noble cause,—such were Alfred, Augustus, Washington; others as savior of a country or as defender of a noble cause,—such were Cincinnatus, Coriolanus, Epaminondas. These latter, it would seem, are providential men,—men whom the Saviour of the world sends from time to time when most needed. Such a man was More; for he was surely sent of God if ever man was, for he came when needed most. And because of his devotion to duty he may justly have a monument erected to his memory, and be placed among the first few of the world's really great and good men.

More came into the world with the light of the pagan renaissance shining upon his brow. Europe had long been steeped in paganism and infidelity. Men dreamed dreams and indulged in reveries. The mighty waves of time rolled on bringing with them an intense desire for more life, and ere long the world was suffering in all the paroxysms and birth-pangs of feverish change. Tremendous currents of unrest were sweeping over the public mind. Music, poetry and art burst forth from underneath the crushing weight of feudalism. The sciences sprang into vigorous life. America was discovered. The Cape of Good Hope had been circumnavigated. India had been rediscovered. More life, more learning, more discovery—such were the joyous "battle cries" that echoed every-

where when young More left the fireside of his beloved home for the University of Oxford. But the revolution of the times placed him at the outset of his college career between two diametrically opposing forces.

The great seat of learning was divided on a most important question. Upon the one hand were the Progressives: men of exceptional brilliancy, to whom he would naturally incline because of his own unusual intellect; and on the other were the Conservatives: men of singularly saintly character, to whom the lad, pure in heart as a child, would certainly turn for light and guidance. Struggling, then, between these two antagonistic elements, to reject the deceptive tenets of the progressive enthusiasts, who were already showing signs of speedy dissolution, and to keep aloof from the inconsistencies of the diffident Conservatives, young More, with an intrepid courage, all the more remarkable because it left him alone in the struggle, launched out abreast of the bravest, and anchored himself to the eternal principles of Catholic truth. "What was true is still true," he would say, "and therefore I hold sacred to my last breath all that is held by the One, Holy, Catholic and Apostolic Church... for my mind shall indeed have left me, when I shall be found deviating from her cause." Admitted to the Cabinet because of his unshrinking fidelity in the maintenance of truth, More had made himself felt. His probity was acknowledged, and he was created, while still at the threshold of manhood, Lord High Chancellor of England, the only layman that had ever been raised to that most exalted post.

Thrown upon the stage of human activity, Sir Thomas was brought before the public eye, hemmed in on all sides by apostates, tyrants and politicians. Monarchy held sway. Political convulsions shook the empire. The hierarchy of the Church played fast and loose. The enemies of the old order, under which England had been "Merry and Catholic England," awaited only the daring hand of active agents to set the pace for political and religious changes of the most revolutionary character. Nor had they long to wait. Soon every section of the continent swayed beneath the forces of universal

rebellion. France, Spain, Germany and Russia were fast steering down the channel of frenzied theory. Rome wept as she witnessed the apostasy of her children. England alone had, thus far—for some still unseen purpose—held firm to the Holy See. Yet the forces of oppression and disintegration even here had not been wholly idle. Luther had nailed his thesis of protestation to the door of his church, and it was Henry VIII., England's Catholic king, who refuted his heretical doctrines.

What could have given greater pleasure to the good Pope at this crisis than to witness this mark of faithfulness amidst the general apostasy of the times? Elated at the king's loyalty and adherence to duty, Rome styled Henry "Defender of the Faith," a title long held by the English kings, but never afterwards deserved. The time had come when another Judas was to betray his master with a kiss. Oh, that Henry could have died then in the act of performing this last noble deed of his "to right the wrong" that was then being done! There would have been no reformation of England, no persecution of Ireland. There would have been no spoliation of fair England's soil, no devastation of Catholic schools and cathedrals. The monasteries, atoning sacrifice, would still belong to the God for whom they were erected. But alas, Henry did not die; and his life henceforward, as history paints it for us, is a life of sadness and sensuality. That story we would fain pass over, were it not for the fact that it is upon the dark and forbidding England of those days, on this background of iniquity, crime and sin, that the prodigious character of Blessed Thomas More is reflected in all its glory, emitting rays of splendor and nobility, of purity and faith.

The evils long threatening the king's court had become practically inevitable. Folly, vice and injustice, had silently stolen their way into its secret chambers. Henry, enamored of a young maiden, was blinded by his lecherous passions, and contemplated a divorce from his lawful queen. For the accomplishment of this sacrilegious plan the influence of the Lord High Chancellor was needed. The rumor soon spread abroad, and More, hearing of the king's degradation on stooping to so vile a passion, burst into

tears. He who had ever been dear to the king knew that the doors of controversy and contention must open soon. The future stood plain before him.

On the one hand colossal fortunes, praise, honor and esteem were to be his; garlands of glory were to adorn his brow, kingly powers were to be placed in his hands, if he but paved the way for the royal divorce. On the other hand, loss of office, charges of high treason, death itself were to be his portion should he prove an obstacle to the king's designs. The power of the king's attachment was indeed great, but the power of More's character was greater. "No," he cried, "I can not be false to Him who is the Truth, the Light and the Way." Henry, seeing More's obstinacy, fell on his knees and made a last supplication: "Thomas," he said, "if you can say nothing for me, then for God's sake say nothing at all." But to purchase the silence of such a man as More was beyond the power of the king. The doleful plea for a divorce was hurried to the Vatican in spite of More's remonstrance, but no Pope could conscientiously grant such a request. There was no argument, no reason, no law upon which to rest this case of sheer lust for a new and younger wife. Ignoring the refusal of his request from Rome Henry flung aside poor Catherine and was sacrilegiously joined to the little maiden, Ann Boleyn, by the sneering sycophant, Cranmer.

A proclamation of nine articles in justification of this horrible sacrilege was devised by the Council, and the supremacy of the king in the sacred matters of religion was asserted. "Defender of the Faith" yesterday, traitor to God to-day, Henry revels in a Saturnalia of vice and profligacy, threatening the heads of all who refused to approve of his divorce and marriage. Witness those priests and prelates, clad in sacred robes, writing in defence of Henry's marriage and declaring it to be the will of God. Witness that cabinet of sages defending open violation of Christ's law. Witness those white-headed old bishops searching the Scriptures to justify divorce. Witness the wily Cromwell vowing allegiance to the king. Witness, I say, such men as these, beneath the fearful hand of monarchy, approving the king's separation from his queen, and then tell

me would not the sight of this alone have changed the most obstinate of minds? Ah, yes! but it was at this moment, when the black cloud of adultery burst upon fair England and deluged the land with vice, that More flung himself with all his might before his fellowmen and besought them to reflect on their obligations to God.

Callous-hearted men, sycophantic subjects of a brutal king who was to wreak vengeance on a lamb of God, merely replied: "Fool Thomas, know you not that it will cost you your head?" The sorrow and anguish that pierced the soul of this devoted son is indescribable. His far-reaching eye gazed out upon the multitude and perceived the cesspool of vice and filth into which the vast populace was about to plunge. Oh, the horror of it all! The very thought of it he endeavored to shun, for he could feel the living pulse of the evil spirit forcing its infamous doctrines into the ranks of that Church where he had sought peace and refuge. "Oh, God!" he cried out, "although all others may scorn Thee, grant that I may die with persevering courage in Thy holy cause."

Day after day his inflexible mind was tortured by the unceasing attempts of his tormentors to wrench from him an approval of the king's divorce; but in vain. He flung aside the sophistries of apostate bishops. He spurned the flatterers who tried to allure him to his ruin. He faced, in the sublimity of courage, the rising storm that was to sweep him onward to the scaffold. And why? Simply because he could not be brought to yield a principle of morality. The learned men of universities had tried it and failed. The shrewd party of the court had tried it and failed. Clerical houses of convocation had tried it and failed; aye, His Majesty himself had tried it and failed. But Henry was determined to go to extreme lengths in trying to exact submission, and since More would not submit he must die. The new church must have a head. The supremacy law must be enforced. And at this point the curtain rises on the immoral drama disclosing a new and terrible scene. The Lord High Chancellor has resigned.

In order to place the royal crown on the heads of his illegitimate children, Henry summoned the subjects of his realm to

confirm by oath his marriage with Ann Boleyn. Then came the critical moment. When practically every hand in England was raised in fealty to the supremacy law, when episcopal dignitaries defended royal divorce, when opposition meant treason, and treason the tower, there was one voice in all England that yet remained firm and immovable. Young More, responsive only to the dictates of conscience, allied himself to Rome and flashed before the quibbling lawyers the plain, unadorned Ten Commandments. Henry lost patience. He was eager to go on. He arose, styled himself head of the Church; while More whose only sin was moral courage, whose only crime was devotion to duty, was arrested, charged with high treason, committed to the tower and finally convicted.

Convicted, but why? Was it for treason? No, but for loyalty alone; loyalty to himself, loyalty to his country; loyalty to his God. His enemies, sleepless as they were, saw that the only means to secure England's approval of the marriage was to secure the downfall of More. Accordingly, when the accusation of receiving bribes as Chancellor had failed, when the charge of writing a book defending the Pope against the king proved false, then resort was had to the false and infamous charge upon which he was condemned. As we look back, our hearts grow cold and we shudder at the horror of it all; for tell me, you who love justice, tell me was it treason to stand amid the wreck and ruin of a tottering empire and denounce injustice, crime and sin? Was it treason to walk in the footsteps of Christ and sow the seeds of love and devotion? Was it treason to rest on the bosom of God and preserve His law by opposing its transgressors? Was all this treason, I ask you, you who study history and are impartial to the truth? And yet these were his only sins. No! it was not treason, but Christ-like devotion to a divine principle, Christ-like devotion to purity, to justice and to law. And as a reward for all this, there in jail, shut out from the fair earth and open sky, wrenched from the delights of home and kindred, there he lay for nearly a year eagerly awaiting the day of his death.

The morning for his execution came.

People flocked in thousands around the scaffold, not to tender him the greetings of an affectionate hand, or to hail him with the shouts of triumph, but to mock, to insult and to ridicule him. When the great throng had gathered around and all eyes were riveted upon the prison doors, the bars were flung back and from the lonely cell was brought forth the saint. His body, once so strong and rugged and manly, was shrunk and bent; his eyes, once fired by the zeal of his soul, were sunken and nearly closed. The pallor of his lips moved even an enemy to offer him a cup of wine, but he courteously refused, saying, "Christ at His passion drank no wine but gall and vinegar."

Dragged through the streets by a brutal guard, More was brought to the summit of his Calvary amidst the shrieks and cries of a furious rabble. Then to crown all, there rushed through the frantic crowd his loving daughter who locked herself about his neck covering him with the kisses of a daughter's love. Picture, if you can, that heartrending scene, that last embrace of father and child, and then tell me would not this have caused the most obstinate to relax? Yes, it was just such a temptation that caused the fall of David and Solomon; but More allowed not even the powerful love of his own daughter to stand in the way of his devotion to duty. His love for God had conquered all, and to that, and that only, had he yielded.

It was the hour for his execution; and there remained but a few moments more for Sir Thomas to gain his liberty, a few moments more to raise himself from the murderous block to the temple of fame, a few moments more to choose between life and death. There, kneeling on the scaffold, abandoned by his friends, by his relatives, by fair England herself, the crucifix pressed to his breast, More, ever firm in following principle, breathed to the world those strains of sentiment, the noblest that ever swelled in the breast of man, and gave the final word, "I am ready." The axe descended, and the greatest soul seen by England since Alfred, had passed to its reward.

Of all the scenes of pitiful deaths upon English scaffolds which that century of

slaughter saw, there is none to leave the impression quite like that of Thomas More. He had learned to tread the path of the passion of his Master, for he gave his life to the yoke of martyrdom rather than tarnish the whiteness of his soul. Let the world learn of him the great lesson that his life teaches—duty to God in preference to obedience to man. Let his life also be an inspiration to those fighting against the dangers that lurk in divorces,—the evil that has weakened nation after nation, the bane whose envenomed breath is not only poisoning our crowded cities, but is invading secluded hamlets and cabins upon shaded hillsides, the curse that is being styled “a rotated form of prostitution.”

O where is the man, on witnessing this human life sacrificed for the preservation of the home and the Church, whose heart will not beat with the pulsations of fidelity and truth, those sacred principles of character embedded in the life of More—More the martyr, fixed as a rock in the ocean; the tempests crashing about him, the waves beating against his breast, his foundation based unchangeably on the centre of eternal right, his head majestically erect, bent never before the shock, while his soul received the tempests only to make him the better and more glorious.

The Nights of Old.

BERNARD. B. MULLOY, '11.

IT'S great to sit beside the fire
While jokes and stories last,
And listen to the frenzied ire
Of blizzard's angry blast.

It's great to breathe fresh-autumn air,
And view bright autumn stars,
And feel you're not like some men where
The stripes shine through the bars.

It's great to walk out any night,
When moon and stars and sky
Are glorious with sparkling light,—
And so I wonder why.

When beauty, health and happiness
Peek through the window pane,
We sit and watch such glory pass,
As held by prison chain.

Varsity Verse.

THE BALLADE OF A MAGAZINE'S CONTENTS.

NO-matter what you want to find
From cruising yacht to tiny screw
To mend the fence or ease your mind,
When things are looking rather blue;
The latest book, the finest shoe,
Or else the best of tools, machines;
You'll find them, I tell it true,
Within the latest magazines.

If lacking sense the copper kind—
Don't think I'd dare to laugh at you.
But if, I say, you're deaf or blind
And wish to be as good as new,
You'll see: why here's a fellow who
Describes a cure within your means.
Unsailing? Well, there's fiction, too,
Within the latest magazines.

Here are the stories duly signed,
And pictures good as Christy drew,
And all about the awful grind
The poet had when bills were due.
How obligations slowly grew—
He lived meanwhile on pork and beans—
'Tis all described in a review
Within the latest magazines.

ENVOI.

Though vast the quarry I pursue
More pressing duty intervenes.
Let others follow where it flew
Within the latest magazines.

HARRY A. LEDWIDGE, '09.

A COMMERCIAL TRANSACTION.

I think that a dime is enough
For this wee little package of snough.”
Said Mrs. Butte In,
As she laid down the tin,
And smuggled it into her mough.

T. A. LAHEY, '11.

NO ACCOUNT.

There was a young lady, Miss Bount,
Who married a flashy young count.
But now people say
She laments to this day
The fact that her count is no 'count.

VARNUM A. PARISH, '09.

HARD ON CASEY.

There once was an old sport nam'd Casey
Who at rough-housing sure was a daisy;
But I've heard people say,
That they brought him to bay,
The night they made Casey a K. C.

F. GASSENSMITH, '10.

MAUD MULLER UP TO DATE.

Of all sad words of tongue or pen
These are the saddest, “stung again.”

R. T. COFFEY, '10.

Twilight Musings.

FRANCIS J. WENNINGER, '11.

I AM sitting by the fireplace with my study lamp turned low,
 While without the snowflakes glitter and the icy north winds blow.
 Now the shades of coming twilight creep in silence o'er the earth;
 From my mem'ry clouds are lifted and fresh thoughts are given birth.

I can see once more that homestead,—cradle of life's happiest days—
 Ere the joys of guileless childhood vanished into misty haze;
 I can see the blooming orchard and its velvet lawns, and hear
 In the treetops merry songsters chirping forth their songs of cheer.

And once more I think I'm sitting on the bench beneath the elm
 With my darling mother near me,—two proud monarchs in our realm.
 I can hear her gentle warnings and her admonitions kind,
 Sweet her words,—the choicest balsam that e'er human heart could find.

Once again in thought I wander with her through the silent dell;
 From afar the tinkling *Aves* on the evening breezes swell,
 Lowing herds return from pastures,—now a shepherd pipes his tune—
 And o'er all sweet peace supernal reigns as heaven's choicest boon.

But alas! upon awaking from my pleasant homely dreams,
 All is still, and through my window silv'ry moonlight faintly streams;
 Gone are all the childhood fancies, all the scenes I saw before,
 And instead I'm once more conscious that those days can come no more.

The Test of the Crucible.

R. T. COFFEY, '10.

Calmly James Wilson, political "Boss" of Morningside, pushed his massive bulk through the door of the private office of Lloyd Haddock, City Attorney. Selecting the most comfortable chair in the office, he seated himself and wiped the perspiration from his florid face. He had a delicate task before him. Hardened though he was by dealings with all sorts of men he hesitated before trying to corrupt the young lawyer. Although the only ethics the "Boss" knew were the ethics that rule the lower class of the political elements of all towns, large or small, he felt more than a passive interest in the young man before him. Indeed, had it not been that the whole Wilson fortune was tied up in the stocks of the "Morningside Limited Transportation Company" he would never have descended to such despicable methods. Long and carefully had the tempter laid his plans. With a keen insight into man's nature he knew it was worse than useless to offer a bribe of money to such a man as Haddock. Two courses were open by which he might

entice the lawyer. One of these was the young man's hope of political advancement. That failing, the "Boss" determined to use the other and more powerful measure—the love that Haddock held for May Wilson, daughter of the politician. Although Wilson loved his daughter dearly, matters had so come to pass that any means must be used to secure the attorney's silence.

Wilson had recently invested his entire fortune in the stocks of the new transportation company. A law had recently been passed by the legislature. This law made it impossible for a city of the second class to grant any corporation a franchise without the consent of two-thirds of the inhabitants of that city. The council of Morningside, unaware of the true meaning of such a law, had determined to grant the new company a franchise. But Haddock, the astute city attorney, had divined its true value. Going to the office of Wilson, he informed the "Boss" that while as a friend he hated to oppose the measure, his duty as the City Attorney, would be to inform the council of their powers in regard to the granting of the desired franchise. But Wilson knew that the people would never sanction such concessions as their council were making.

to the company. He had hoped to dispose of the stock at a great premium before the city could realize its mistake. The morrow was the time set for the passing of the bill. The silence of Haddock must be secured. This was the reason for Wilson's visit to the attorney's office.

With his usual manner of coming at once to business, the leader stated his errand.

"Well, my boy, I suppose you know what brings me here to-day," he smilingly greeted the young attorney.

"Yes, I do. And what is more I tell you now as I told you before that I absolutely refuse to countenance such an act. It is useless," he continued, drawing his young body to its fullest height, "for you to have the least hope of my playing the city false. You ought to know, James Wilson, that I am not the kind of material that political 'grafters' are made of. You have always proved a friend to me and I would do almost anything on earth for you. But man! I can't sell my honor for you or anyone else. Don't ask me to do such an act?" he pleaded in a choking voice.

The strain had proved so great that the young man stood trembling like a deer. His pale face drawn to an almost ghastly look, his large eyes blazing with a terrible fire, his nails cutting into the palms of his clenched hands, formed a picture that softened the heart of the other.

"Come, my boy, do not take this so seriously. Calm yourself and view my proposition from a philosophical standpoint. I don't want you to do anything wrong. I merely request that you stay away from the council room until we have this franchise passed. Once the bill has received the mayor's signature, you can go and explain that infernal law to anyone you wish. Do as I ask and you shall be the next congressman from the twelfth district of Iowa. Refuse me, and you may as well prepare your political shroud. I control the vote of this district. The people elect the man I choose. I think you can see that without my help you can never realize your ambition. There is my ultimatum on the matter. What is your answer?"

Haddock sat gazing straight before him, seeing nothing. In his soul was being waged a battle of jarring elements. He knew that

Wilson spoke the truth. Alas! it was too true. It was hard for a young ambitious man to have his ideals so opposed to his ambition. The clock ticked drearily; each second seemed drawn into days. The silence was becoming unbearable to Wilson. It was pitiful to see a strong man making his fight against temptation. At last, unable to stand the strain longer, the magnate burst forth.

"I suppose you have decided?"

"Yes, I have," answered the other with such promptness that Wilson sprang forward. He translated the promptness into acquiescence.

"I still remain true to my first purpose. I will not stay away."

"You won't? You will ruin me, will you?" gasped the boss, sinking limply into his chair. For a moment Haddock feared that a stroke of apoplexy would claim the man before him. Wilson, almost crazed, sprang to his feet at thought of the ruin of his plans.

"From this day onward you keep away from my house. You may consider all connections between May and yourself at an end," he fumed.

With blazing eyes Haddock sprang forward. How dare you drag her name into such an affair? Oh! if you only were not her father, I should kick you into the street," he yelled shaking his fist in the man's face. "Leave this office, now."

Almost ashamed of the method that his anger had allowed him to use, the boss with a subdued air passed into the open. The attorney watched the bulky form of the politician as it passed along the streets. How everyone seemed to greet the man with a deferential air of respect.

As he stood there musing, his mind drifted back to his college days. How vividly he remembered the night of graduation. Standing on the college rostrum he had proudly delivered his oration on "The Power of Principle." Well he remembered that climax: "If ever any man is placed in a position where wealth and fame await him by the sacrificing of his ideals, where position can be secured by prostitution of honor, that man is a moral coward who wavers an instant between fame with dishonor and failure with honesty."

He was young and inexperienced then. He had not tasted of the "flesh pots." How

those brilliant ideals were to be rudely shattered by the world was not then so plain. He had with the optimism of youth thought all men honest. To-day with the experience of the world, he held all men dishonest. His life as attorney had shown him men in their true state. As his knowledge of human nature increased, his faith and love in his fellowman decreased. He saw the God of the Hebrews giving place to the god of Croesus; he saw Calvary falling behind the "Golden Calf." His heart had hardened, but his own principles were unshaken by the knowledge of the weakness of others.

With a start he remembered that he had promised to call on May that evening. He would see her and explain all. She was surely too pure to wish him to do a wrong deed, even though her father was to be saved by that act.

It was with a joyful heart that the young man perceived that the girl's father was not in sight. He was almost afraid the erratic temperament of the old man might occasion a scene before the daughter. Such a thing was to be avoided at any cost.

"I thought you were never coming, Lloyd, you're so late this evening. What is the matter? you look so worried," the girl smilingly said.

"Oh, nothing much. I have been working hard to-day. You know this law business keeps me pretty busy now. I had a very strange case to-day. I shall tell you of it some day," he continued.

"Why not tell me now?" she pouted.

Tell her? No, that would be impossible now.

"Oh, Lloyd, I have a secret to tell you. Now listen. Papa is going to buy me a new automobile—a white steamer. And I am going to learn to run it too. Won't that be fine?" she cried enthusiastically. "But why don't you look pleased? You are as solemn as an old owl," she said, glancing into his face.

With a start he collected himself. He could not tell her that after to-morrow she would be almost a pauper and he was to be the cause of her condition. How could he look into that young face and tell her that her dream of luxury must soon vanish, for vanish it must. The failure to secure the franchise meant the failure of the com-

pany. The failure of the company meant the ruin of James Wilson. Could this girl, who had never known a day's want, still love the man who had knowingly ruined her father, even though the ruin meant the saving of a man's honor? The evenings with her had hitherto been a taste of paradise. This evening seemed a taste of the sufferings of the damned.

Like a man burdened with crime Haddock slunk through the street that evening to his home. With a heavy heart he sought his bed. Oh! it was hard to have ideals, to be honest in this pragmatic age. All night he tossed and moaned in his bed. Sleep refused to visit his suffering brain. Morning found a wild-eyed young man with an almost fanatical gleam in those eyes; a man whom few would know as the usually calm, collected Lloyd Haddock, City Attorney of Morningside. The battle had been won, neither love nor ambition could conquer his honor.

Slowly the day passed. Never did a day pass or drag slower to a man in his death cell than did that day to the young City Attorney. At last four o'clock came. He would go home and get a little rest before the fateful evening came; the evening when he was to sacrifice ambition and the girl he loved for his ideals. Never for a moment did he doubt that she would refuse him when she learned the truth.

The strident cry of a newsboy came to his ears. Like a madman he dashed forward. Seizing a paper, he handed the boy a dime and gazed upon the front sheet. There in flaring headlines were the words: "New Myer's laws in regard to granting of franchises by cities of second class declared unconstitutional by the supreme court." Below were reasons for the decision. A heavy hand was laid on his shoulder. Looking up he found the smiling face of Wilson confronting him.

"What do you think of it?" fairly yelled the leader with delight. "Thank God, I have found at least one honest man. To-morrow there shall be deposited in the Morningside Bank ten thousand dollars payable to the order of Lloyd Haddock, City Attorney. Good-bye. I think there is a young lady by the name of May who would like to see you, my boy. When will the wedding be?"

To the Roman People.

DENIS A. MORRISON, JR., '10.

(Horace; Epodes 7.)

O WHERE are you rushing, my people, unfreed
From the terrible guilt of your impious deed?
And why in your ready right hands do you hold
Your crimson-stained swords? O' why now so bold?
Are there not enough of your countrymen slain,
Their rich blood o'erspreading the sea and the plain?
In time of our fathers each brave Roman hand
Was upraised with a will 'gainst the fierce Punic band,
And Carthage was humbled, her citadel fired;
The unsubdued savage, whom far Briton sired,
In triumph along *Via Sacra* was led
To the Mamertine dungeons, a place for the dead.
But now, at the will of our Parthian foes,
Shall wars internecine make greater our woes?
Not even fierce lions and wolves have been known
To attack and destroy what belongs to their own.
Has blind fury seized you, or some mighty force
Which you can not resist, which must now take its
course?

I adjure you to answer. O what great disgrace!
A deadly white pallor suffuses your face,
And each mind, conscience-stricken, is maddened with
fear.

The cause of our sorrows, O Romans, now hear:
Since the time of that fratricide, done long ago,
When the blood of the innocent Remus did flow
On the earth as a curse to the whole generation,
Cruel fates have pursued our unfortunate nation.

After the Storm.

JAMES J. FLAHERTY, '08.

All day lowering clouds have hung over
the quiet village. Gradually the heavens
become blacker, the clouds heavier, as
evening draws nigh. Sharp blasts of wind
sweep up the sands that lie along the
ocean's shore. The elements are furious,
a terrible storm is gathering. Huge waves
roll over the ocean's restless surface, only
to be lashed against the rocks and driven
up over the beach, then recede again to
the deep. The white-caps rapidly rise and
fall, tossed about by the angry waters.
The noise of the coming storm reverberates
along the rocks and the rain pours down
in torrents.

Evening has passed into night, and still
the storm rages with unabated fury. The
lights from the cabins of the fisherfolk send

forth their feeble rays, which only add to
the blackness of the night. Loving wives and
mothers gather upon the beach and gaze
anxiously out upon the seething waters.

In vain they endeavor to penetrate the
darkness, in vain they look for the appear-
ance of their returning kin. Far out the
gleaming light in the lighthouse sways to
and fro, the only guide to the returning
ones that are out at sea. The disheartened
watchers return disconsolately to their
homes, fearful for what the morrow may
reveal.

In one little cabin the rays of a dim
light fall upon a mother kneeling beside her
babe. All day her thoughts have been out
at sea; all day she prayed that Providence
would stay the coming night. As she kneels
in prayer her eyes wander from her sleeping
babe to the Madonna upon the wall. Her
face is sad, though beautiful. Fervently she
prays God to bring her husband safe to
her and his little one. A gust of wind
dashes against the cottage and violently
rattles the windows as it rushes on. The
mother rises from her knees and puts the
lamp nearer the window. The wild roar
of the ocean waves reaches her ears and
sends a deeper pang of woe into her dis-
tressed heart.

"My God! will he never come?" she
exclaims aloud, and her only answer is the
mournful echoes of the wind without. She
peers through the window into the darkness
and for an instant her eyes catch a glimpse
of the light in the lighthouse. 'Tis for an
instant only, for soon it is swept from its
piers and falls a victim to the storm. She
turns from the window, her last ray of hope
gone. The only comfort she can find is in
the caresses of her little one. Her heart
torn with anguish she drops upon her knees,
throws her arms about her infant and falls
into a deep sleep. The first rays of the
dawn peep into the little room and finds
the mother still kneeling, rosary in hand,
beside her little babe. But ah, what is the
morning to reveal to her? Deep are those
pangs of longing and hoping to burn when
the truth of the ravages of the storm
becomes known. As the morn becomes
brighter, the rays of the rising sun beam
in through the window and play about the
features of the fatherless babe.

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Notre Dame, Indiana, March 7, 1908

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—According to the custom in vogue at the University, the Sunday preceding Ash-Wednesday was solemnized by the beginning of the Forty Hours'

The Forty Hours' Devotion. The Reverend President of the University officiated and also read the Lenten regulations promulgated for the diocese of Fort Wayne. During Sunday, Monday and Tuesday the Blessed Sacrament remained exposed upon the main altar of the church, surrounded by countless lighted candles and floral decorations. The services were closed with the usual procession and Solemn Benediction on Tuesday evening.

—When the flag was half-masted last Thursday to express sorrow for the death of James Oliver it called attention to a career that is rich in lessons for young men. That he was of a Great Man. able to amass an immense fortune in the course of his life without ever incurring the suspicion even of the malicious and envious, is indeed a tribute to the honesty which pervaded all his acts. In an age of smart

business methods, he stands before the world an example of probity and financial integrity, and proves again to the young men of the nation that to be successful it is not necessary to fail in honor or to lose the respect of one's fellowman.

—We are all aware of the many accomplishments of Mr. Edison. His latest undertaking, although it may not require so much creative

skill as his great inventions, is a work which Mr. Edison's Cement House. will, if successful, eliminate much toil and more time in the always laborious work of house-building. Mr. Edison proposes to construct in twelve hours a house of cement that will be ready for occupancy in about twelve days. His plan is simple. Iron moulds are to be constructed which will be set up around the excavated cellar. Into these moulds building material made from pure cement mixed with sand taken from the cellar is to be poured. At the end of six days the moulds may be removed and the house will be complete, including stairs, partitions, mantles, baths, etc. The house must then dry for six days, at the end of which time it may be occupied. The moulds will cost about \$25,000, other machinery about \$15,000. Some company will take up this proposition, buy several nicely designed moulds and start in the house-building industry, being able to construct houses for \$1000 apiece. Nowadays when cement is being used so extensively for building, this seems a very practical and time-saving undertaking.

—We point with civic pride to the ever-increasing mass of mail handled annually by the postal department. Do we ever look

at this great expenditure of ink and energy in any other of Letter-Writing. than a business light? Did you ever consider how many of all those letters show the slightest evidence of care taken in composition? Of course, in business letters, which form a very large part of the mail, graces of style can not be considered.

A hundred years ago it was possible to reconstruct a biography from a person's

letters, and that without much change in the wording, except the necessary change from first person to the third. Perhaps a free use of the waste-basket has had something to do with it, but it is a fact that nowadays about all that remains of the epistolary efforts of even a celebrated man of letters is a heterogeneous collection of evasive replies to tradesmen's importunities. This state of things can not be excused on the ground of lack of models. From Cicero to Goethe artistic and literary letters have been written which are yet extant. The poet Heine used always to make rough copies of all his letters before writing them in their final form, and his letters appear as literary productions in any collection of his prose works.

But ask any student of English what it is that he writes with least care, and if he is truthful he is bound to say his letters. Such carelessness is sure to affect his style, no matter what he writes. A letter, just as much as an essay or any piece of writing, deserves to be grammatical, punctuated, paragraphed, and to possess some degree of literary finish.

—Wherever men are assembled there are always some who overstep the common rules of etiquette and forget the little conventionalities they owe to one Good another. In some the lack of good Breeding. breeding is evident; they fail to manifest the quality of gentility admired by all. Good breeding and refinement mean much to the young man. The lack of one shows lack of home training, the failure to exercise the other, ignorance. Neither can be bought with money nor exchanged as barter. The man of refined qualities never stoops to low standards of living nor caters to immorality, but rather has his intellect fixed upon high ideals. The great exponent of good manners, Lord Chesterfield, once said that his highest ambition was to be considered well-bred. Watch the young man about you, student or otherwise, who is rude and inconsiderate of others, and by close observation you will find him inclined to habits of the sluggard. Good manners should be cultivated, and they are just as requisite on the

campus as in the parlor, in the dining-room as in the ballroom. A gentleman's reward is the consciousness that he is so considered by others and that he does not give offence. Cultivate good manners and you carry the mark of gentility with you wherever you go, for, as it has been so aptly put, a true gentleman is always and in all things a gentleman.

Here at the University there is abundant opportunity to express the manners of a gentleman; for the "rooters" the opportunity will present itself this afternoon when the Indiana track team is to compete in our gymnasium.

—Last week we had occasion to refer editorially to the case of Judge Wilfley and to express ourselves as taking for granted that some of the charges Judge Wilfley against him are true. Inasmuch as he has not yet had

the right kind of an opportunity to offer a defense for his conduct it would be well to supplement our statement with the observation that he has not yet been proved guilty of the charges. In the light of very recent comments upon the case we are led to believe that Judge Wilfley will be benefited by having to undergo any ordeal that may give him a chance to defend himself. It is possible that the charge of bigotry, for instance, may be wholly unfounded, and that he is persecuted merely because he is fearlessly standing for principles which will in the end characterize him as a man of honor.

We know that he filled a very delicate position in the Philippine Islands for a number of years to the complete satisfaction of the Catholics there; we know that he has made enemies among a disreputable class in Shanghai by stamping out certain practices.

The only thing that we have been able to find against him is that in rendering a decision he quoted from Blackstone a paragraph referring to the conduct of the clergy in England. The way this decision has been misquoted and distorted in reports and cablegrams sent out from Shanghai would lead us to believe that his enemies are trying to play upon the feelings of uninformed Catholics to enlist their sympathy and support.

Death of James Oliver.

The passing of the venerable James Oliver, whose name is historically associated with the city of South Bend and the plow industry of the world, was not unexpected. For months, and indeed for years, the marvelous vigor of his constitution was seen to be slowly yielding. Nevertheless, his Scotch courage and his proverbial energy brought him nearly every day to the mammoth works, that he might, with his own eye, overlook the details of the business; but there is a limit to all things, and so on Monday, March 2, the veteran passed away.

It was to be expected that on the death of one so distinguished there should be many public manifestations of respect and regret. Indeed, in the lifetime of the present generation no death in South Bend has occasioned such genuine mourning. The principal industries of the city were interrupted during the hours of the funeral and in many substantial ways the people of the city manifested their sympathy with the bereaved family and their regard for the lamented dead. But perhaps the most striking tribute that was paid to Mr. Oliver was the evident grief that pervaded the great army of employees who gathered about his coffin. Among them mourning was widespread and sincere. Here and there was to be seen a white-haired patriarch who had followed the Oliver fortunes almost from the beginning and had come to feel like a part of the great industry. It was touching to see such a one kneel beside the coffin with crucifix or beads in hand praying for mercy upon the soul of the patriarch that was gone. Such evidences of profound grief bear witness to the many lovable qualities possessed by the deceased. No one ever gets such affection who does not deserve it. Few persons so distinguished as the deceased receive in so large a measure the expression of such genuine admiration.

At the University the death of James Oliver is felt almost as a personal bereavement. His traditional friendship for our *Alma Mater* and his promptness in seizing every opportunity to manifest his interest and good-will, are a part of the University records. To his family the SCHOLASTIC offers assurance of most heartfelt condolence.

Notre Dame Men Organize.

The University of Notre Dame Club of Philadelphia, recently organized in this city, held its first annual dinner at the Hotel Majestic on Washington's Birthday evening. Members of the club were present from points of Eastern Pennsylvania, New Jersey and Delaware. The occasion afforded an opportunity for many of the old students to renew acquaintanceship. Many of them had not seen one another for years, and the happiness of the reunion was very great. One of the diners, an alumnus of the class of '62, was one of the sprightliest in the gathering. Edward P. Gallagher, Esq., presided as toastmaster. The members of the committee in charge of the dinner were: Joseph D. Murphy, John J. Kelley, Edward P. Gallagher, Edward J. Minge, James P. Fogarty, George J. Hanhauser, Eugene A. Delaney, John H. Neeson, Louis C. M. Reed, Frank Kaul, Louis S. De Lone, Charles J. Baab, Andrew J. Hanhauser, John Bergan, Dr. M. J. Skilling, Dr. M. R. Powers, Dr. I. V. S. Stanislaus, Dr. J. F. Coll, Dr. Edward Kelley, John Duggan Quinn, Harry A. Revels, Walter E. Whelan, John J. Walsh, Thomas Daly, John T. Neeson, Charles H. Connor, Frank Seigler, D. J. Groogan, Jr., Joseph Carleton, John Loughran, Joseph M. De Lone.

The officers of the club elected for the ensuing year are: president, James P. Fogarty; vice-president, Joseph D. Murphy; secretary, Andrew J. Hanhauser; treasurer, John H. Neeson. The membership of the club is open to all former students of Notre Dame living in Eastern Pennsylvania, New Jersey and Delaware. They are requested to communicate with the secretary, Andrew J. Hanhauser, 4242 Spruce Street, West Philadelphia.—*Philadelphia Standard and Times*.

Organization of the Alumni.

Considerable progress has been made in the work of preparing for the organization of the Alumni which is to take place during Commencement week next June. Letters have been sent to every living graduate and replies have been received from many

sources already. The list which is appended contains the names of those graduates who have already declared their intention of being at the University on the date set for the organization. A few other replies have been received from those who will be unable to attend but are nevertheless deeply interested in the success of the work. Some who replied failed to give their present address as requested, and two failed to append any signature to the return card. These are on file, but it is difficult to determine whose good wishes they represent. Some of the notices which were sent out were returned without being delivered. Joseph F. Duane, '99, Neal H. Ewing, '84, Hon John Glavin, '77, William H. Bailey, '84, Francis W. Gallagher, '84, Clarence Turpie Hagerty, '90, are not at their former addresses; the old students, as well as graduates, are requested to assist in the work of making the necessary corrections in our list of addresses. Those who have thus far promised to be present for the organization in June are as follows:

Rolland Adelsperger	George E. Clarke	A. W. McFarland
T. T. Ansberry	James V. Cunningham	T. Paul McGannon
L. M. Antoine	Thomas A. Dailey	George A. McGee
C. H. Atherton	W. D. Dalton	James H. McGinnis
Frank J. Barry	Harold H. Davitt	Johr B. McGrath
Evaristo Batlle	C. B. Dechant	W. A. McInerny
John B. Berteling	W. L. Dechant	J. W. McInerny
John Bleckmann	Eugene A. Delaney	E. M. McKee, M. D.
William P. Breen	William F. Dinnen	Francis H. McKeever
Edward E. Brennan	Thomas L. K. Donnelly	Thomas McNamara
Anthony J. Brogan	Daniel Donahoe	Charles P. Neill
A. A. Browne	John Dowd	John J. Ney
Charles M. Bryan	John W. Dubbs	George L. Nyere
P. E. Burke	James A. Dubbs	W. C. O'Brian
Frank P. Burke	J. A. Dwan	F. B. O'Brien
J. J. Burke	D. E. Dwyer	Hon. James O'Brien
M. O. Burns	Rev. Vincent Dwyer	E. J. O'Connor
J. M. Byrne	James F. Edwards	James V. O'Donnell
E. Chacon	J. W. Eggeman	Hugh A. O'Donnell
Eugene J. Campbell	Rev. L. J. Evers	Walter J. O'Donrell
D. E. Cartier	B. S. Fahey	E. F. O'Flynn
W. A. Cartier	G. A. Farabaugh	Thomas F. O'Mahoney
D. V. Casey	William P. Feeley	Hugh O'Neill
Fred B. Chute	Ralph Feig	Philip B. O'Neill
Dennis A. Clarke	John F. Fennessy, M. D.	William P. O'Neill
Frank J. Conboy	Louis M. Fetherston	A. B. O'Neill, C. S. C.
James J. Conway	J. R. Fitzgibbon	Francis O'Shaughnessy
J. Leo Coontz	J. W. Flannigan	Rev. John D. O'Shea
F. J. F. Confer	James P. Fogarty	Rev. T. D. O'Sullivan
J. Joseph Cooke	John W. Forbing	Rev. M. J. Oswald, C. S. C.
J. L. Corley	Robert L. Fox	John B. Pick
Joseph E. Corby	Oscar A. Fox	H. L. Prichard
Frank B. Cornell	Arthur Funk	Robert E. Proctor
T. B. Cosgrove	W. D. Furry	Edward F. Quigley
T. C. Crimmins	E. P. Gallagher	Rev. M. Quinlan, C. S. C.
		T. A. Quinlan, Jr.
		C. E. Roesch, Jr.
		Otto A. Rothert
		Leo J. Scherzer
		Fred J. Schillo
		Rev. John Schöpp
		Edward H. Schwab
		Francis C. Schwab
		Joseph Shiels
		Dudley M. Shively
		N. H. Silver
		Rev. J. A. Solon
		Sam. J. Spalding
		Sherman Steele
		A. E. Steiner
		Henry A. Steis
		Anton C. Stephan
		A. J. Stopper
		George Stulfauth
		Joseph V. Sullivan
		T. J. Swant, M. D.
		Rev. M. Szalewski, C. S. C.
		J. E. Valdés
		F. J. Vurpillát
		J. W. Wadden
		W. Burnett Weaver
		Thomas J. Welch
		W. B. Welker
		M. M. White
		Ralph M. Wilson
		John Worden
		Louis C. Wurzer
		Chauncey W. Yockey

Book Review.

We wish to acknowledge the receipt of the following books which have been published by Benziger Brothers: The Secret of the Green Vase, by Frances Cooke, \$1.25; Thoughts on the Religious Life, by the Rev. F. X. Lasance, \$1.50; Little Folks' Annual, 10 cents; The Friends of Jesus; The Miracles of Our Lord, 60 cents; The Gift of the King; The Guild-Boys' Play, by Rev. David Bearne, S. J., 85 cents; New Boys at Ridingdale, by Rev. David Bearne, S. J., 85 cents; Melor of the Silver Hand, by Rev. David Bearne, S. J., 85 cents; Round the World, vol. iv., 85 cents; Sheer Pluck and Other Stories, by Rev. David Bearne, S. J., 85 cents; A Pilgrim from Ireland, by Rev. M. Carnot, O. S. B., 45 cents; My Lady Beatrice, by Frances Cooke, \$1.25.

The most meritorious of the books here listed would seem to be Father Lasance's Thoughts on the Religious Life. As a specimen of good book-making it easily ranks first; its other commendable qualities are such as will appeal to those whose lives are consecrated to religion. The two volumes by Frances Cooke are works of fiction that make pleasant reading. The other volumes are almost wholly devoted to the young and are evidently intended to serve the twofold purpose of instructing and entertaining. They are all gotten out in attractive form, and in nearly every case they represent the work of some of our most successful juvenile writers.

Athletic Notes.

With "Jack" Scales out of the running and Devine in poor shape the Varsity track team went into the Indiana meet this afternoon greatly handicapped. Scales was doped to win both hurdle races and place in the high jump, and Devine was counted a point winner in the half mile. Yet with Moriarty in good condition he should come pretty close to landing the hurdle events, and in the half mile Dana will make the best Indiana can produce go some. Johnson, Indiana's star performer, injured his arm in the Indiana-Purdue meet last Saturday

night, and the chances are that the Indiana man will not be in the best of condition if he competes at all, which will sort of even things up a little.

* *

The baseball squad has been neglected lately, but there isn't anything to say about it. Burke and Ray Scanlon, now that the basket-ball season is over, are out and will greatly strengthen the squad. Burke is a first-baseman and a slugger, while Scanlon is a backstop. Both are good men, and Coach Curtis will undoubtedly find a place for them. Cutshaw is showing great form around second base and at present appears to have the best call on the position. Shortstop is still unsettled. McKenna and Maloney look the best.

* *

The basket-ball team closed the season last week, and the following are the games won and lost:

Jan. 15	—	Notre Dame	66	S. B. C. A. C.	2
" 18	"	"	78	Kalamazoo	8
" 22	"	"	18	Wabash	26
" 29	"	"	32	Hartford City	14
" 31	"	"	20	M. A. C.	33
Feb. 1	"	"	23	M. A. C.	16
" 3	"	"	22	Detroit Y. M. C.	34
" 5	"	"	28	Lewis Institute	17
" 8	"	"	30	Lake Forest	18
" 13	"	"	46	Baker U.	13
" 15	"	"	61	Y. M. I.	12
" 18	"	"	15	Wabash	32
" 19	"	"	21	Indiana	20
" 20	"	"	36	St. Mary's, Ky.	22
" 22	"	"	43	Y. M. I.	22
" 27	"	"	39	M. A. C.	20

The Indianapolis News picked an all-state basket-ball team, and Wabash drew all the plumes, their entire five making up the first team. Maloney, Wood and Dubuc were put on the second team. All of the men who played on the Varsity team this season are eligible for next year, and Notre Dame should have one of the strongest basket-ball teams in the West.

* *

The baseball squad will be divided on March 17, and the famous annual Irish and Dutch game will be played. And in going by, it can be truthfully mentioned that the game will be the real thing.

Irish team—such men as Scanlon brothers, Burke, Brogan, McKenna, Kelly, Maloney, Daniels, Ryan, etc. Dutch—Curtis, Centlivier, Dubuc (at least for that day), Bonham, Waldorf, etc.

Dubuc, star pitcher, outfielder and home-run hitter strained two ligaments and broke one in his leg on Thursday morning, and as a result is laid up in the infirmary. The injury occurred while Dubuc was sliding into base; in the same manner Ray Scanlon was injured last season. Dubuc may be laid up several days and the injury may keep him out of the running several weeks.

Personals.

—John M. Flannigan, Litt. B. '94, is cashier of the Citizens Bank, Stuart, Nebraska.

—Francis B. Cornell, Litt. B. '00, is employed as a teacher in one of the public schools of New York City.

—Walter M. Daly, Litt. B. '04, is a member of the Title Insurance Company with headquarters in Portland, Oregon.

—Joseph Cullinan, who was a member of the Varsity football team six years ago, is now engaged in engineering work near San Francisco.

—Eustace Cullinan, A. B. '95, is editor of the San Francisco *Bulletin*. He has been in newspaper work in San Francisco for several years, and is now doing his share to inspire confidence in the new city of the Golden Gate. Eustace occupies a prominent position socially and politically.

—H. Lamar Monarch, Litt. B. '93, visited the University on the 6th of the month. He was met by many of his former teachers and acquaintances. Lamar is general salesman in Ohio and Indiana for the Carbon Fuel Co. of Chesterton, West Virginia, with headquarters at Richmond, Indiana.

—Daniel J. O'Connor, Ph. B. '05, is at present located in Berkely, California, with offices across the bay where he is in charge of the Accounting Department of the San Francisco Branch of the Western Electric Company. Incidentally Daniel has an interest in the development of a hotel company.

—Angus McDonald, who was a student at the University from '96 to 1900, is now

permanently located in Los Angeles, Cal., where his progress has been rapid. He is now assistant secretary of the Southern Pacific Company, the largest holding corporation west of Chicago. He has gathered about him a host of friends in business as he did here, where his popularity and skill as an athlete made him a captain of our baseball team. He was also a prominent member of the Varsity football team.

Obituary.

Seldom has our little college community been more severely shocked than when the news came of the death of Mrs. John F. McCarthy, the mother of Franklin McCarthy, '07, and of William McCarthy who attended the University three years ago. No one who met this gifted lady on her last visit to the University would have anticipated that her happy and useful life could have closed so soon, but God's ways are mysterious, and it only reminds us to bow our heads in resignation. To the bereaved family the SCHOLASTIC sends assurance of sympathy and prayers.

**

Mr. William Lennartz, member of the graduating class of this year, has the profound sympathy of his fellow-students and the faculty of the University on account of the death of his mother last Wednesday. Mrs. Lennartz had been ailing for some time in consequence of her advanced age, a fact that somewhat softened the sorrow of those from whom she has parted. R. I. P.

Local Items.

—A new drill machine has been added to the equipment of the wood shop.

—The flag was half-masted last Thursday in honor of the funeral of the late James Oliver.

—The members of the Philopatrian athletic association have decorated themselves with a new monogram.

—One of the music rooms in the rear of the stage in Washington Hall has been fitted up as a wash and toilet room.

—Carl Sinclair is the captain of the military company in St. Edward's Hall; Raymond Bowles is assistant captain.

—The installation of a new electric light equipment in Brownson wash-room has added greatly to the appearance of the room.

—The Corby Hall baseball team is working out in the big "gym" twice a week. Several "finds" have been made in the new men.

—M. H. McNerney, of Carroll Hall, has lost a pearl-handled knife with two blades and will be grateful for the return of the same in case it is found.

—Some one said he saw the early robin on the lawn a few days ago; it is reported that he has been asked for proof that he knows what a sparrow is.

—The Philopatrian basket-ball team played another Carroll team last Saturday and were defeated by the score of 12 to 17. Moynihan and VonderHeide were the stars of the game.

—The Reverend President of the University lectured on the "White Shepherd of Christendom" last evening at Rensselaer, Ind. Last Sunday evening he delivered a discourse at Dowagiac, Mich.

—Professor F. X. Ackerman is painting some new scenery for the Philopatrians' play which is to be staged on the 17th of this month. One of the scenes is taken from a view on the St. Joseph River where it makes a bend just west of St. Mary's Academy.

—The representative baseball teams of the different halls will be pretty strong this year. A large number of candidates is listed for practice, and considerable work has been done in this line in spite of the fact that the Varsity teams occupy the gymnasium the greater part of the time.

—May 20 is the date set for submitting all graduation essays. In every case the subjects submitted should be first approved by the head of the course in which the candidate is specializing and should then be filed with the Director of Studies, March 15 being the date for the filing of the subjects. Those who wish to compete for the English Essay prize must submit their work to the Director of Studies on May 20.

—Several of the students who failed to return promptly for classes the first week of January are finding that the two percent rule is playing havoc with their passing marks. The individual who gets 85% in examination and 65% for ordinary class-work finds that 75%, which is the average of these two marks, is reduced two points per day for each day of absence at the beginning of the term. An absence of one day in this illustrated case would produce a resultant mark of 73%, and that spells failure or condition, depending upon

other circumstances. In some of the branches 70% is the passing mark, in others the figure is 75%.

—The present winter has been in some respects a record breaker. The snowstorms have been much heavier than for years; we have had huge drifts, several sleet storms, rain accompanied with thunder and lightning on more than one occasion, and the atmosphere of spring while high drifts of snow stood in the shadow of the buildings. The tying up of the street-car service last Saturday greatly inconvenienced some who wanted to return to the college in the night but could not get transportation of any kind.

—On Monday evening, February the 24th, the Freshmen organized and elected as officers: John C. Tully, president; John M. Wilson, vice-president; the Reverend John Cavanaugh, honorary president; Leo Cleary, secretary; Paul Barsaloux, treasurer; James L. Fish, sergeant-at-arms; Luke Kelly, spiritual advisor; William Heyl, historian. The Freshman class of this year is unusually large, and we would urge upon the members to attend the next meeting and co-operate with the officers in making a success of the organization.

—The try-out for the debating teams have been scheduled as follows: Public contest among the eight surviving candidates for the Varsity team will be held in Washington Hall next Saturday evening; on Thursday the freshman team will be selected in Brownson and St. Joseph Halls; on Friday the corresponding teams will be selected in Corby and Holy Cross Halls; on March the 20th there will be a contest between the preparatory teams of Holy Cross and Brownson, and on the following day there will be a contest between the preparatory teams of St. Joseph and Corby.

—A meeting of the Brownson Literary and Debating Society was held Wednesday evening, March 4. In order to arouse more interest in affairs of national importance a committee composed of Messrs. J. Lenertz, E. Lynch and W. W. Rice was appointed to prepare for each meeting an account of current events. The subject for debate was: "Resolved, That cities should own and control their public utilities." The affirmative speakers were Messrs. J. Sullivan, W. O'Brien and W. Duncan; the negative speakers were Messrs. J. Tully, E. Lyons and J. Lenertz. Messrs. J. Diener, R. Cain and G. Sands acted as judges, rendering a decision of two to one in favor of the affirmative: Mr. James O'Flynn gave a very interesting talk on mining in Montana. His treatment of the subject was clear and concise, and he deserves credit for his careful preparation.